Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claudio Whither?

Bene. Euen to the next willow, about your owne busines, county: what fashion will you weare the garland of? about your necke, like an Vsurers chaine? or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarffe? you must weare it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claudio I wish him ioy of her.

Bened. Why thats spoken like an honest Drouier, so they sell bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would haue serued you thus?

Claudio I pray you leaue me.

Benedicke Ho now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that stole your meate, and youle beate the post.

Claudio If it will not be, ile leaue you. *exit*

Benedicke Alas poore hurt foule, now will hee creepe into sedges: but that my Ladie Beatrice should know me, and not know mee: the princes foole! hah, it may be I goe vnder that title, because I am merry: yea but so I am apte to doe my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so giues me out: well, ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince, Hero, Leonato, Iohn and Borachio, and Conrade.

Pedro Now signior, wheres the Counte, did you see him?

Benedicke Troth my lord, I haue played the part of Ladie Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke I told him true, that your grace had got the goodwil of this yoong Lady, and I offred him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him vp a rod, as being worthie to bee whipt.

Pedro To be whipt, whats his fault?

Benedicke The flatte transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

Pedro Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression

sion is in the stealer.

Benedicke Yet it had no
made, & the garland too,
himselfe, and the rodde he
(as I take it) haue stolne h

Pedro I wil but teach t
owner.

Benedicke If their singi
you say honestly.

Pedro The ladie Beatri
tleman that daunst with he
you.

Bened. O shee misused
an oake but with one gree
her: my very visor beganne
she tolde me, not thinking
Princes iester, that I was d
iest vpon iest, with such in
I stoode like a man at a m
at me: she speakes poynya
breath were as terrible as h
ing neere her, shee would
not marry her, though she
had left him before he tran
cules haue turnd spit, yea,
fire too: come, talke not of
Ate in good apparell, I w
coniure her, for certainely
as quiet in hell, as in a sanct
pose, because they would g
horrour, and perturbation

Enter Clau

Pedro Looke heere she

Benedicke Will your gra
worldes end? I will go on
typodes that you can deuis
tooth-picker now from th